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56
DEC

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



Capullo

McFarlane

image® COMICS PRESENTS:

"KAHN"



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Jason Gorder

Dedicated to:
Robert McFarlane

Spawn #55 Summary:

When Terry meets with Spawn to plan their mission, he tries to understand his friend's chosen hideout as well as their newfound friendship. When he stumbles onto the worms, Al's reaction confuses him even more. Terry and Al carry out their mission to document Jason Wynn's subversive involvement in the arms trade. After discovering the evidence, Al can't resist sending an explosive message to implicate and endanger Jason Wynn's international networking infrastructure.

FOR IMAGE COMICS
LARRY MARDER - Executive Director

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CHECK OUT THE SPAWN WEB SITE AT... <http://www.spawn.com>

AND SO I DREAM.

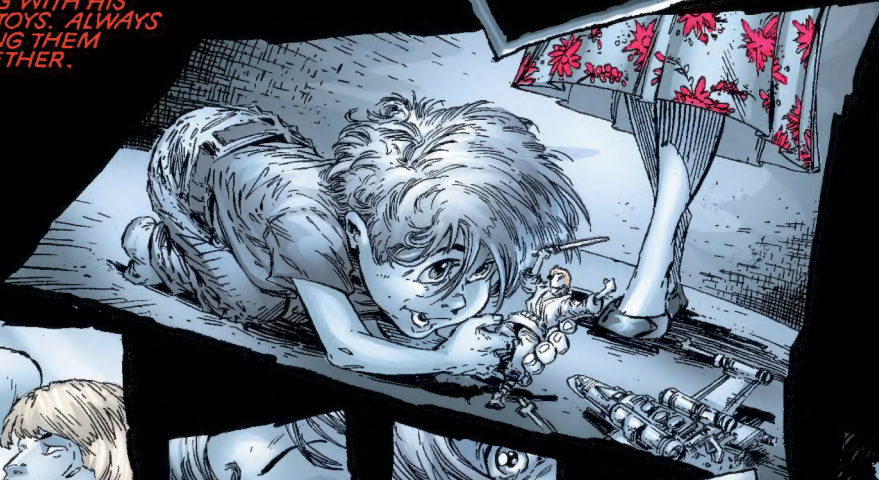
*ALWAYS FLOATING BACK TO THE SAME PLACE... MY HOME. IT USED TO BE **SAFE** TO GO THERE, BUT NOW IT'S ALL SO CONFUSING. SO **TAINTED**.*

IT ALL KEEPS GETTING MIXED UP. AND I CAN'T SORT ANYTHING OUT.

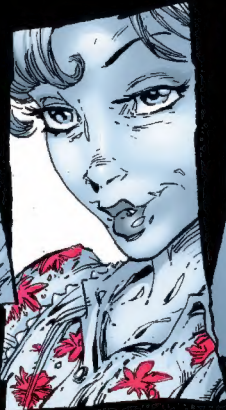
*I DON'T EVEN TRY ANYMORE. SOMEHOW, THEY ALL **BELONG** TOGETHER. THE LOGIC OF IT WILL COME ONE NIGHT WHILE I SLEEP.*

*FOR NOW, I JUST WANT TO SEE THEM... MY **FAMILY**...*

*...WANT TO REMEMBER HOW IT WAS. **BRIAN** PLAYING WITH HIS SPACE TOYS, ALWAYS **BANGING** THEM TOGETHER.*



***LUKE**... I THINK THAT WAS THE NAME OF HIS FAVORITE ONE.*



*AND **LORI**. GOD, HOW SHE LIT UP A ROOM WITH HER SMILE.*



THERE WAS NO BETTER MOM OR WIFE.



I SWEAR SHE LIVED IN HER APRON. SHE LOVED COOKING SO MUCH.

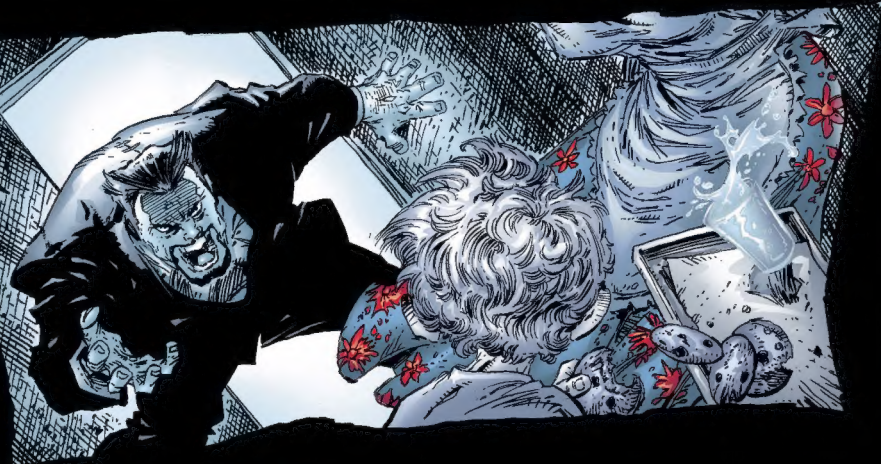


*MAYBE THAT'S WHY **HE** HATED HER.*

I'VE
COME
FOR
YOU.

WHY HE
DID WHAT
HE DID.

TAKING HIS
ANGER OUT
ON THEM.
BECAUSE OF
ME.



HURTING
THE ONLY
PEOPLE
WHO MEANT
SOMETHING
TO ME.
FORCING THEM
TO SUFFER.
MAKING THEM
SCREAM.



UNLEASHING THE BEAST I'D
FAILED TO CREATE ON
MY OWN.

IT DIDN'T MATTER.
HE CAME ANYWAY.
FROM THE PIT OF
BLACK. THE GREATEST
CONQUEROR OF ALL.

IGNORING
EVERY PLEA
FOR MERCY.



BLOOD.
REVENGE.
THOSE
WERE HIS
MASTERS.

BRIAN, HE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND. HOW
COULD HE? HE
JUST TURNED SIX.

MY
WIFE
IS
FIRST.

SO
INNOCENT.

SO
PLAYFUL.

NOW HE'S
WITH HIS
MOTHER.

AND I'M
ALONE...
WITH HIM.
THE BEAST
STILL LIVES.
EMBRACING
DEATH WITH
HIS COLD
STARE.

I LOOK
INTO HIS
EYES.
NOTHING'S
THERE.

JUST
EMPTINESS.

A SOULLESS GAZE.
DEVOID OF EVERYTHING.

EVERYTHING.

NOW HE SEARCHES ME
OUT, LIKE HE DOES EVERY
NIGHT. HE SHALL
ESCAPE MY DREAMS,
THEN THEY WILL
BELIEVE ME.

THEN THEY'LL ALL
UNDERSTAND.

creeek

I'VE
COME
FOR
YOU.

HA-HA... ISN'T
THAT WHAT
YOUR BOGEY-
MAN SAYS IN
YOUR
DREAMS?

YOU SAID
YOU'D NEVER
TELL ANYONE. YOU
PROMISED ME.

GUESS
I LIED. I
DO THAT TO
PSYCHOS.

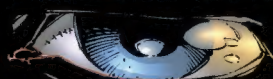
YOU
WANT YOUR
DAILY SLOP
OR NOT?

HE COMES BY EVERY DAY, BRINGING
FOOD, OR PAIN. BEATING ME SO I
WON'T THINK STRAIGHT. I'VE GROWN
TO KNOW HIM. HOW HE WORKS OR
WHAT HE THINKS.

BUT I HAVE TO CHECK
AGAIN. MAKE SURE
IT'S NOT THE BEAST
IN DISGUISE.

NO, IT'S NOT
HIM. THE EYES
AREN'T EMPTY.

TOMORROW,
I NEED TO
LOOK AGAIN.



BAM!

FINE!
STARVE
YOURSELF,
I DON'T
CARE.

CLATCH

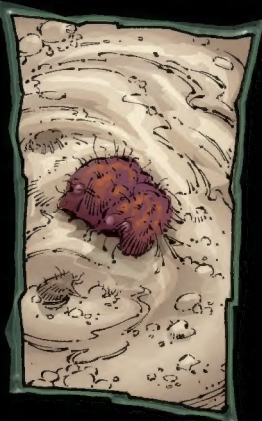
I ALREADY KNEW THAT.

BECAUSE TO THEM, I'M JUST AN
INSANE CAPTIVE. SOMEONE THEY
CAN MOCK. POKE FUN AT. THEY
THINK I'M PLAYING SOME KIND
OF MINDGAME.

THEY'VE BECOME IGNORANT.

SO, I LET THEM THINK
WHAT THEY WILL.
SEE, I DON'T CARE
EITHER.

THEY'RE
JUST A BUNCH
OF MAGGOTS.
LIKE THOSE IN THE
SWILL I EAT EVERY
DAY. I'VE DEALT WITH
THEIR KIND BEFORE.
KNOW EVERYTHING
ABOUT THEM.



BUT THEY'VE LEARNED
NONE OF MY SECRETS.

LIKE HOW TO MAKE LEADERS.
CREATE CONQUERORS.
CONTROL MURDERERS.

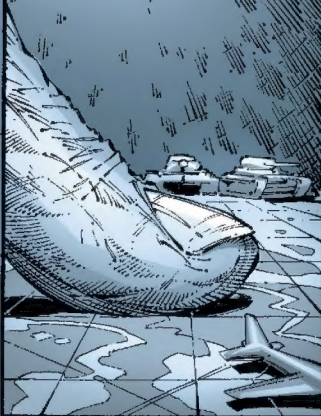
AND I LEARNED IT ALL
FROM HIM. THE GREAT
BEAST. GENGHIS KHAN.
THE GREATEST WARRIOR
OF THIS EXISTENCE.



THAT'S
WHY WYNN
WANTED ME.
WHY HE
NEEDED ME.

STRATEGIC
MILITARY
EXPERTS WERE
HARD TO COME BY,
AND I WAS THE BEST.
WYNN KNEW THAT.

HE WAS MOTIVATED BY
A SPECIFIC, PERSONAL
OBJECTIVE. HE WANTED
ME TO MAKE HIM THE
NEXT GREAT RULER.
USING THE PHILOSOPHIES
I'D PULLED FROM MY
RESEARCH, SPECIFICALLY
THOSE OF KHAN.



THE MAN WHO
CREATED THE
MONGOLIAN EMPIRE
THROUGH BRUTALITY AND
TERROR. DROWNING ENTIRE
NATIONS IN THE BLOOD OF
THEIR OWN CITIZENS.

KHAN ONCE
SAID--
BEFORE
SLAYING
A DOZEN
HIGH
PRIESTS--

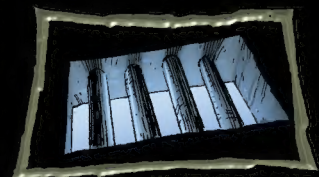
"-- I AM THE
PUNISHMENT
OF GOD. IF
YOU HAD NOT
COMMITTED
YOUR GREAT
SINS, THEN
GOD WOULD
NOT HAVE
INFLECTED
ME UPON
YOU."



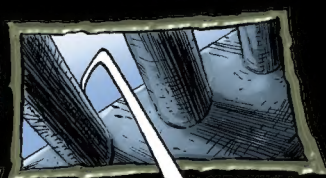
BUT WHAT WAS
LORI'S SIN?

IT WAS THEIR
FAULT HE WAS
KILLING THEM.
NOT HIS.

GOD,
HOW I
MISS
HER.



GET
SECTOR
FIVE
SEALED OFF
NOW!!



TWO DAYS LATER.

AT FIRST, THE
COMMOTION IS
DISTANT. LIKE MOST
OTHER ACTIVITIES, IT
DOESN'T INVOLVE
THE INMATES.



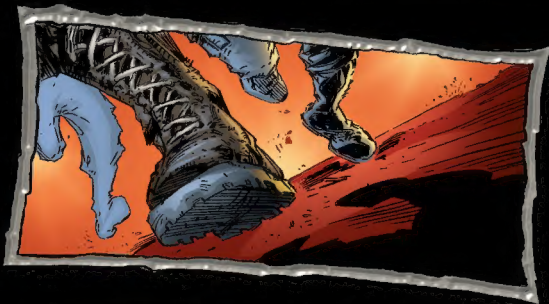
OVER
THERE,
IN THE
SHADOWS!

WHEN FOOTSTEPS
BUILD INTO AN
AVALANCHE OF PANIC,
THOSE HIDDEN AWAY
KNOW THIS IS
DIFFERENT.

CONTROL HAS
ALWAYS BEEN
THE WARDEN'S
RULE.



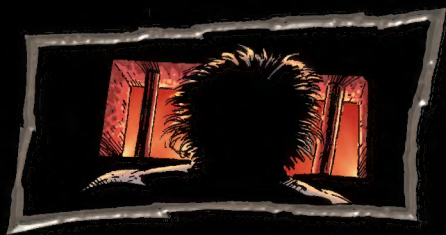
A WAR HAS
BEGUN.



AS GUNFIRE ECHOES
THROUGH THE
STONE CORRIDORS,
TRUCKS AND JEEPS
SQUEAL TIRES IN
PURSUIT OF SOME-
THING UNKNOWN.

THE ENTIRE INSTALLA-
TION HAS BECOME
A FRENZIED
BATTLEFIELD.

I NEED A
BACKUP AT
CORRIDOR 12!
YOU OTHERS--
THE WAREHOUSE
HAS BEEN
LEVELLED!



SIRENS SCREAM.
LIGHTS FLASH
RED-- LIKE BLOOD.

IT'S HIM. HE'S
HERE. COME TO
TAKE RETRIBUTION
FOR ALL OUR SINS.



ESPECIALLY MINE. WHY
DID I TRY KEEPING HIM
AWAY? HE ALWAYS WINS.

**SEARCH
THE
CELLS!**

SLAM!



NOTHING
HERE.
LET'S GO!



WHAT
ARE YOU
LOOKING
AT?

NO! I
MUST
CHECK.

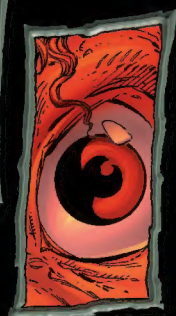
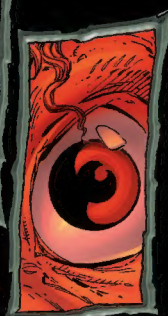


OR
HIM.

THEY'RE
NOT
EMPTY.



NOT
HIM.



MAYBE I'M WRONG.
WHAT IF THIS IS JUST
ANOTHER REBEL
MILITIA, ATTACKING
US FOR OUR SUPPLIES?
IT HAPPENS ALL THE
TIME, RAIDS ON
OTHER CAMPS.
WARRING FACTIONS.
IT'LL GO AWAY...

...IT HAS TO. I WANT
IT TO. PLEASE MAKE
THE NOISE STOP.

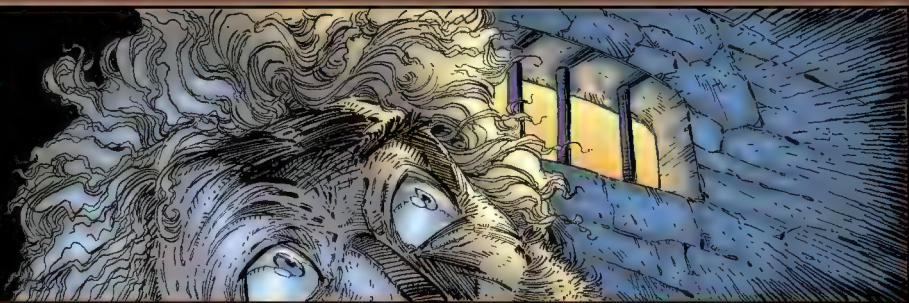
JUST STOP!!

IT'S HURTING!!
LIKE MY BOY. HE'S
NOT PLAYING ANY-
MORE. HE'S HURT.
HE WANTS HIS TOY.
GIVE HIM HIS TOY!

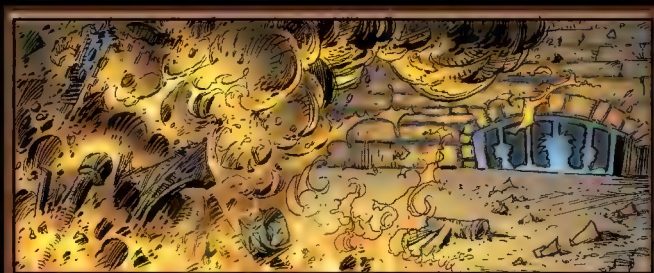
**HE WANTS
LUKE!!**



NOISES. IN MY
HEAD. SO MANY
OF THEM. I NEED
TO SHUT THEM
OFF BEFORE...

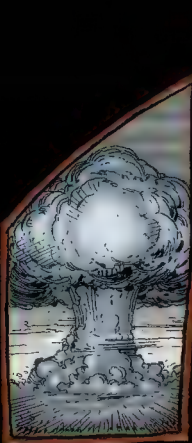


WHERE **IS** EVERYONE?! WHERE ARE
THEY HIDING... HE COULDN'T HAVE
KILLED THEM ALREADY. THERE WERE
TOO MANY OF THEM. EVEN THE
BEAST REQUIRES TIME.



THERE!

I HEAR SHOUTING. SOME MEN ARE
STILL ALIVE. HIDING AMID THE
SMOKING WRECKAGE. BUT NOT FOR
LONG. THE WINDS WILL EXPOSE THEM
IN A FEW MINUTES.



LEAVING
THEM
NAKED
WITH
THEIR
SINS.



BEFORE COMING AFTER
ME HE'LL DEAL WITH
THEM. BRINGING
DEATH TO EACH.

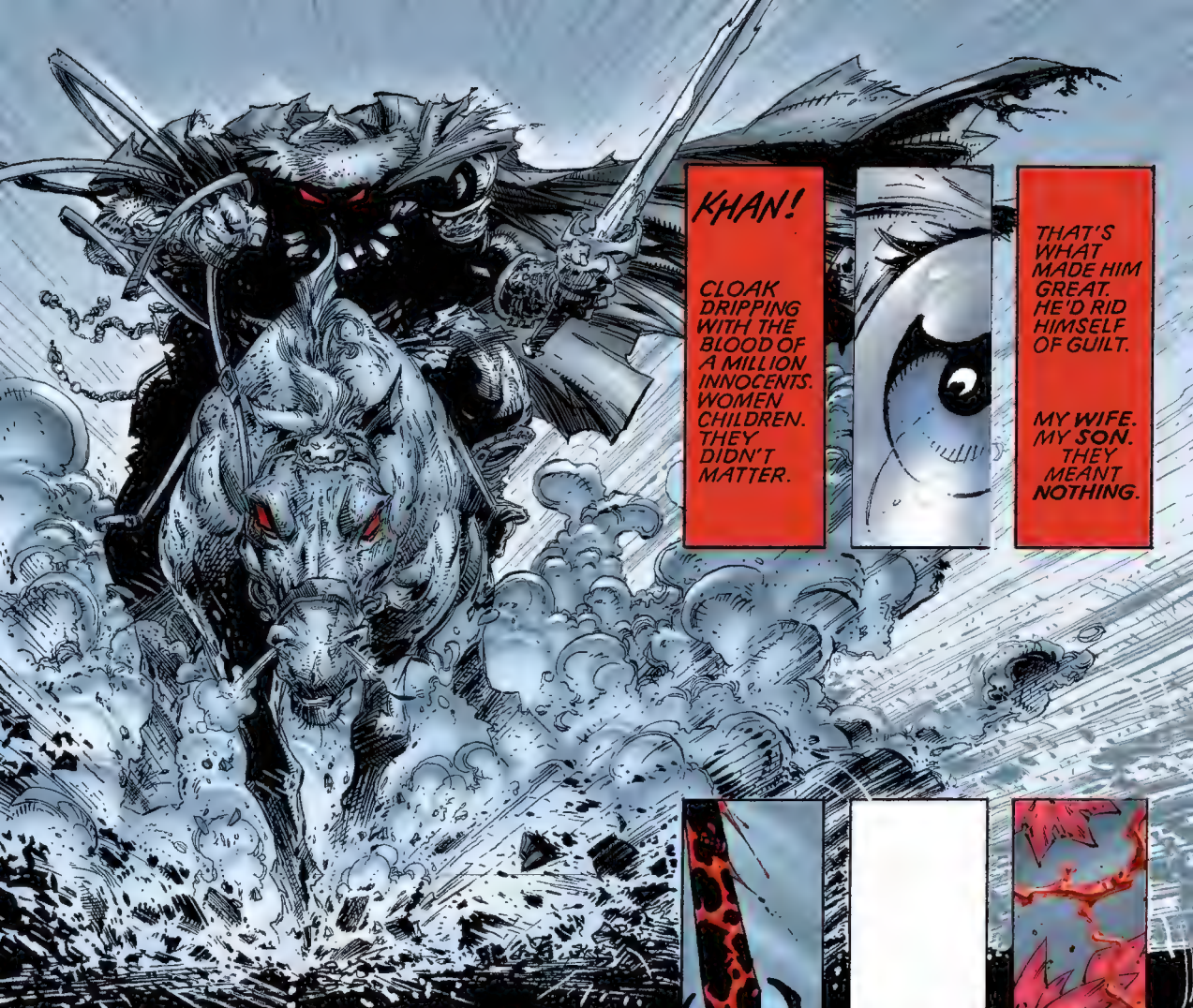


ASHES TO ASHES.
DUST TO DUST.



THEY'VE RELEASED
THE SCOURGE.
GIVEN HIM REASON
TO RETURN.





KHAN!

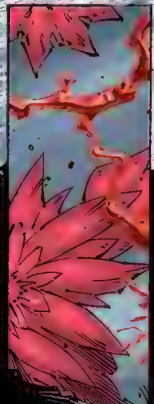
CLOAK
DRIPPING
WITH THE
BLOOD OF
A MILLION
INNOCENTS.
WOMEN
CHILDREN.
THEY
DIDN'T
MATTER.



THAT'S
WHAT
MADE HIM
GREAT.
HE'D RID
HIMSELF
OF GUILT.

MY WIFE.
MY SON.
THEY
MEANT
NOTHING.

ONLY DOMINATION WAS MEANINGFUL.
ANNIHILATING HIS ENEMIES. USING THE WOMEN
OF HIS CONQUESTS FOR MOMENTARY PLEASURE.
LAUGHING AT THEM AS THEY BEGGED FOR
THEIR LIVES. STARING BACK AT THEM
WITH THOSE DAMN' EMPTY EYES.



WYNN
SAID LORI
SCREAMED.
ASKING
THEM TO
SPARE
BRIAN.

HE WAS
ONLY A
CHILD.



BUT THEY WANTED
ME TO UNDERSTAND



THAT'S
WHY THEY
GAVE ME
THE BOX.
SO I'D
REMEMBER
WHAT HE'D
DONE.





...BETWEEN THE SECRETARY OF STATE AND LEADERS FROM THE FORMER CZECHOSLOVAKIA ARE STALLED ONCE AGAIN. THIS MOST RECENT MEETING, THE RESULT OF AGREEMENTS BROKERED AT THE UNITED NATIONS, WAS TO HAVE BEEN LITTLE MORE THAN A PHOTO OPPORTUNITY. BOTH SIDES HAD MET THE CONDITIONS FOR THE FUNDING, A SET OF CAREFULLY BALANCED SANCTIONS AFFECTING BOTH IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF MANUFACTURED GOODS.

IT NOW APPEARS THAT FURTHER NEGOTIATIONS WILL BE NEEDED TO APPEASE THE SLAVIC AND CZECH LEADERS. SOURCES AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT INDICATE THAT THE RIFT COMES IN THE WAKE OF ISOLATED ATTACKS WITHIN EACH COUNTRY THIS PAST WEEK.



THE FILM BOARD OF AMERICA IS FEELING A BIT PECKISH JUST NOW. A RECENT THAWING ON THE CULTURAL FRONT HAD OPENED THE DOOR FOR UNPRECEDENTED NUMBERS OF U.S. FILMS INTO CHINA, AS LONG AS THEY PASSED A SURPRISINGLY LIBERAL RATINGS SYSTEM PUT IN PLACE BY BEIJING. BUT, IN AN ABRUPT STATEMENT TODAY, CHINA BARRED THE IMPORT OF ANY MORE AMERICAN-MADE MOVIES. STUDIO EXECS BLUSTERED BACK, BERATING THE CHINESE FOR FLIP-FLOPPING.

HOLLYWOOD THEN GOT ON THE PHONE TO THE WHITE HOUSE AND LOBBIED FOR SANCTIONS AGAINST THE CHINESE. THIS CREATES YET ANOTHER HEADACHE FOR THE PRESIDENT, WHO OWES A DEBT OR TWO TO THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMUNITY.

ONE NEWSPAPER SUGGESTS A LINK TO AN ABORTED DELIVERY OF MILITARY SUPPLIES. ALL SIDES HAVE DISMISSED THIS AS "UNSUBSTANTIATED CONJECTURE". WELL, THEY WOULD, WOULDN'T THEY?



HAH! COINCIDENCE?! I DOUBT IT!

MAYBE OUR MASTERS ON WALL STREET, AND THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S SPIN DOCTORS WILL CALL IT THAT, BUT WHAT ELSE WOULD WE EXPECT THEM TO SAY? THEY NEED BELIEVERS, AND PARANOIA NEVER SEDUCED ANYONE. MEANWHILE, THE PRESIDENT IS BEING HIT BY A SERIES OF MINOR BUT WITHERING SETBACKS IN FOREIGN POLICY. INDIVIDUALLY, THEY DON'T AMOUNT TO MUCH, BUT PUT 'EM ALL TOGETHER AND THE U.S. STARTS TO LOOK LIKE IT DOESN'T HAVE A CLEAN SHIRT ON PROM NIGHT. THERE'S NO WAY IT'S A FLUKE THAT ALL THESE DISTRACTIONS ARE COMING ON TOP OF EACH OTHER.

WE ARE BEING SENT A MESSAGE AND I HOPE SOMEONE IS LISTENING. ALL THESE SITUATIONS ARE ROOTED IN FACTIONAL ATTACKS THAT NO ONE SEEMS TO HAVE COMMITTED. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SAY HELLO TO THE GUERRILLA GHOST!

NEW YORK CITY. HALF A CONTINENT AWAY.

...AND I EXPECT TO SEE A FULL REPORT ON MY DESK IN 48 HOURS. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

YES, MR. WYNN. WE HAVE EVERY INTERNATIONAL AGENT AT OUR DISPOSAL ASKING QUESTIONS. WHOEVER IS DOING THIS WILL...

BREEP
BREEP

GODDAMIT. I SPECIFICALLY ASKED **NOT** TO BE INTERRUPTED.

I KNOW, SIR, BUT IT'S THE PRESIDENT. HE SAID IT WAS URGENT.

HELLO, JASON, I'LL MAKE THIS BRIEF. AT SOME OF OUR OVERSEAS SUMMITS LATELY, THE LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES HAVE BEEN LESS THAN WARM TO OUR POINT OF VIEW.

THE UNDERCURRENT OF IT ALL SEEMS TO BE FALLOUT FROM... BUSINESS... DONE WITH YOUR DEPARTMENT.

WHO'S RAISING OBJECTIONS?

I'M NOT HERE TO DISCUSS DETAILS, JASON. BUT WHATEVER CONNECTIONS YOU HAVE WITH THESE COUNTRIES, BE THEY PUBLIC OR PRIVATE, THEY'RE SLOWLY COMING UNWOUND.

THIS IS CREATING PROBLEMS ON MY END. SO I'D LIKE YOU TO FOCUS ALL YOUR ENERGIES INTO **RESOLVING** THESE SITUATIONS.

THAT'S ALL. HAVE A GOOD EVENING.

CLICK

THEN PUT HIM ON.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?! YOU HAVE YOUR ASSIGNMENTS. SO GET TO IT!

MOMENTS LATER, A GROTESQUE FORM OOOZES FROM THE SHADOWS.

tsk! tsk! THAT'S QUITE A TEMPER YOU'VE GOT THERE, MY BOY!

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?

JUST THE PLEASURE OF SEEING YOU SQUIRM.

YEAH? WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS? I THOUGHT YOU COULD CONTROL ANYTHING.

I CAN.

BUT, Y'SEE, JASON, I NEED THINGS IN RETURN. YOUR GOAL IS TO RID US BOTH OF SPAWN. FIRST, BY DESTROYING HIM EMOTIONALLY... THEN, ULTIMATELY, **ELIMINATING HIM.**

INSTEAD, HE'S TURNED THE WHEEL BACK ON YOU.

Y'KNOW, THE **FUNNY** THING IS, IF I EVER TOLD YOU HIS **NAME**, YOU'D BE ABLE TO FIX YOUR PROBLEM A LOT QUICKER.

I'M GETTING TIRED OF YOUR GAMES, CLOWN. IF YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING, THEN SPIT IT OUT.

NO CAN DO.

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN THIS TIME. THE **ONLY** WAY HELL'S GOING TO SEE THAT HUMANS AREN'T **FIT** FOR SPAWNING IS IF ONE OF HIS **OWN KIND** DOES HIM IN.

YOU NEED TO FIGURE THIS PUZZLE OUT **ON YOUR OWN.**

BESIDES, YOU KEEP TELLING ME HOW **POWERFUL** YOU ARE. **PROVE IT!**

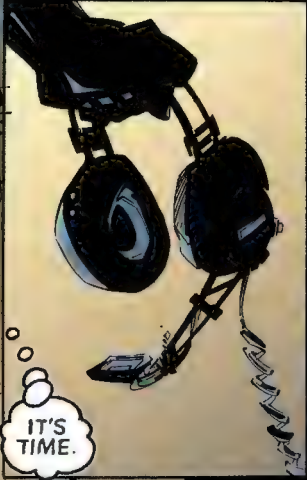
OTHERWISE, YOU'RE ABOUT TO SLOWLY FADE INTO OBLIVION.

A FEW FLOORS BELOW THE OFFICE OF THE C.I.A. SECURITY CHIEF, TERRY FITZGERALD CONTINUES TO SYSTEMATICALLY WEAKEN JASON WYNN'S WEB OF GLOBAL INFLUENCE--

-- BY DISRUPTING HIS "SIDE BUSINESS" OF HIJACKING WEAPONS SHIPMENTS AND SELLING THEM TO AMERICA'S ENEMIES.



HE'S USING A WEAPON HE HOPES WILL SURVIVE THE MADNESS.



BIRTHDAY BOY, THIS IS POPPA ONE. DO YOU COPY? IF SO, GIVE CONFIRMATION ON SECURE LINE 12.

beep

GOOD.

SINCE YOU'RE IN HOSTILE TERRITORY, I DON'T EXPECT ANY VERBAL COMMUNICATION ON YOUR PART.



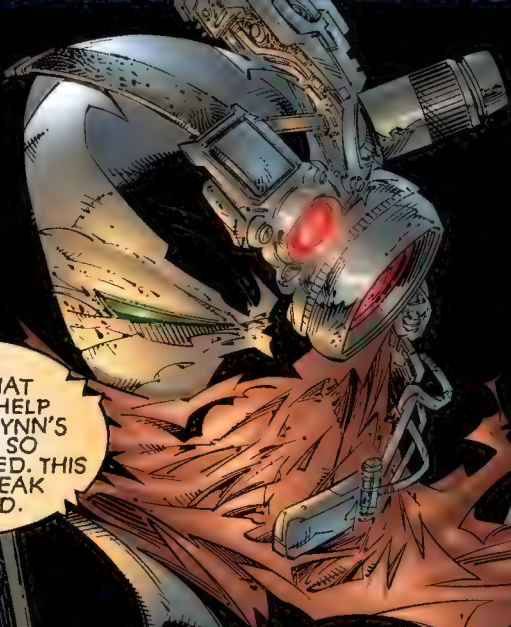
JUST GET MAJOR FOSBERG OUT OF THERE. AND NO MORE GETTING SIDE-TRACKED LIKE YOU DID IN KOREA. *

*LAST ISSUE--TOM.



WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THE MAJOR BECOME INJURED. HE'S GOT INFORMATION VITAL TO US.

IF I'M RIGHT, THAT INFO WILL HELP EXPEDITE WYNN'S EXTINCTION. SO STAY FOCUSED. THIS IS THE BREAK WE NEED.



RAT CITY.

A PLACE MOST WOULD DARE NOT TREAD. HIDDEN DEEP IN THE BELLY OF NEW YORK'S BOWERY, IT HAS BECOME OFF-LIMITS EVEN TO THOSE WHO ARE ACCUSTOMED TO THE AREA'S FILTH AND SQUALOR.

FOR, HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS OF THIS INSANE ENVIRONMENT CRAWL THE LOWEST EXAMPLES OF HUMANITY. EVEN THE MOST DESPERATE OF THE HOMELESS KNOW NOT TO VENTURE HERE. YET, THERE ARE THOSE WHO DO. THE FEW WHO MAKE IT OUT ARE NEVER THE SAME AGAIN. THE DISAPPEARANCES, THE RANTINGS THEN GIVE CREDENCE TO THE TALES SPREAD BY THOSE LIVING ON ITS' EDGE.

FOR THE PAST WEEK, A BLACK MONSTROSITY HAS DWELLED IN THIS OPPRESSIVE DOMAIN. WAITING PATIENTLY FOR THE RETURN OF ITS QUARRY. THE SIMIAN'S INSTINCTS LED IT TO THE DEEPEST, MOST NIGHTMARISH SECTION. CHARRED BODY PARTS DANGLE FROM WHAT HAD BEEN A FUNERAL PYRE... AND IS NOW A THRONE

THIS IS WHERE
THE SCENT IS
STRONGEST.

THE STENCH OF
SPAWN.

MY BOX.
IT'S ALL I HAVE
LEFT. THE ONLY
THING THEY'D
LET ME KEEP.

WYNN SAID I'D
BE PART OF IT
ONE DAY. BUT
THAT'S OKAY.
AT LEAST I CAN
JOIN THEM.
BE WITH MY
FAMILY AGAIN.

YES, THAT'S IT.
PRETEND.
SHUT OUT THE
NOISE. THEN
I WON'T BE
AFRAID.

HE CAN'T SCARE ME
IF I'M NOT AFRAID.
SOMETIMES I'M
ABLE TO PRETEND
FOR ALMOST AN
HOUR.

KEEPING THE BEAST
AT BAY, THINKING
OF HOW I BUILT HIM
IN THE FIRST PLACE.

FRANKENSTEIN.
THAT'S WHO I BECAME.
DR. FRANKENSTEIN.
TRYING TO BREATHE
LIFE INTO WYNN BY
USING THE TECHNIQUES
OF ANOTHER, LONG DEAD.

BUT I COULD SENSE HE
WASN'T PURE. HE WASN'T
CAPABLE OF DEALING
WITH WHAT I COULD
GIVE HIM: THE POWER
OF KHAN. HIS SKILLS,
HIS TRAITS, WEREN'T
MEANT FOR THIS
CENTURY.

WYNN DIDN'T ACCEPT
THIS. HAVING FELT THE
EUPHORIA OF A FEW
INITIAL, DISCREET MOVES,
HIS VICTORIES DROVE HIM
MAD. HE CRAVED MORE.
HE DEMANDED MY
INSIGHT.



I IGNORED HIS PLEAS. NOT WANTING TO ACCEPT HOW MUCH OF MY TEACHINGS HE'D ALREADY ABSORBED.

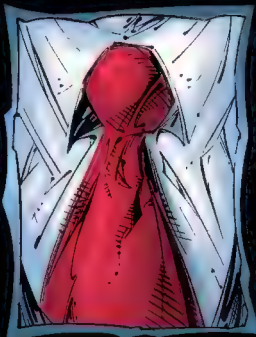
THEN CAME HIS THREATS. PROMISES OF CARNAGE, CULMINATED BY THE RELEASE OF THE DEVIL-BEAST HIMSELF. SENT TO ABOLISH ME FOR KNOWING HIS SECRETS.

INSTEAD, I LAUGHED. FORCING HIM NEARLY INTO FITS FAR BEYOND DESCRIPTION. BUT HE WOULDN'T SHOW IT. HE COULDN'T, NOT IF HE WAS TO BE A GREAT WARRIOR. STILL, I FELT IT. HIS ANGER WELLED UP BEHIND A PAIR OF EYES BLACK AS THE ABYSS.



HIDING RAGE. BLURRING THE LOGIC OF A NORMAL MAN.

HE SPENT THAT MADNESS ON MY WIFE. MY BOY. MY FAMILY.



I REMEMBER HIS SMILE AS HE GAVE ME THE BOX, VOWING THAT HE'D SEND KHAN. DRIPPING CRIMSON. EYES DEVOID OF EVERYTHING.

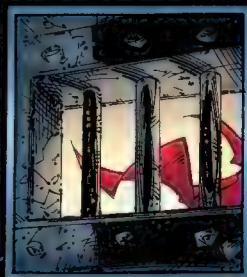
EXCEPT THE LUST FOR BLOOD.

MINE.



WHY? WHY. WHEN I GAVE YOU LIFE, LET YOU LIVE, DO YOU HAUNT MY DREAMS?

I'M YOU, DAMMIT! WE'RE THE SAME! LEAVE ME ALONE. HE WAS JUST A BOY. GIVE HIM HIS LUKE! DON'T MAKE HER BEG!

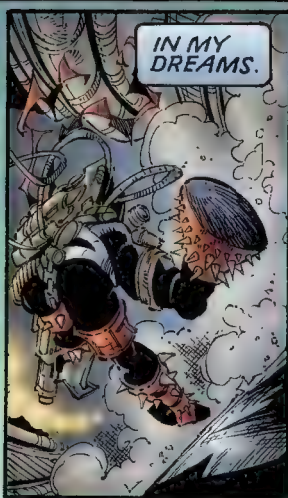


NO. I HAVE TO FOCUS. PRETEND. THEN HE CAN'T LIVE.





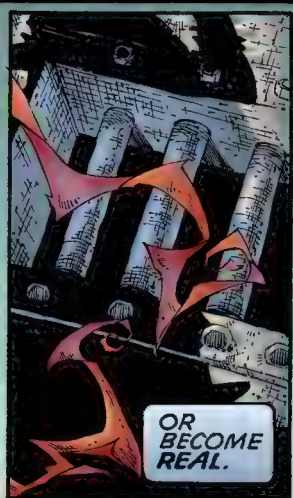
HAVE TO KEEP
HIM INSIDE.



IN MY
DREAMS.



THEN HE CAN'T
TOUCH ME.



OR
BECOME
REAL.

SO WHY DO THE GUARDS
KEEP SCREAMING?
WHAT'S SCARING THEM?



NOT HIM. IT
CAN'T BE. THIS
IS JUST SOME
ELABORATE
TRICK THAT
WYNN'S
MASTER-
MINDING.



TRYING TO
WRECK MY
FOCUS. HOPING
I'LL GIVE IN.
WISHING FOR MY...



wha...?

IT'S QUIET. WHY
HAS EVERYTHING
GONE SILENT?!
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO THE NOISE?!
THE **PANIC?!!**

MY GOD... HE'S
SWALLOWED
THEIR SIN. NO.
YES. FOOTSTEPS.
GETTING
CLOSER.

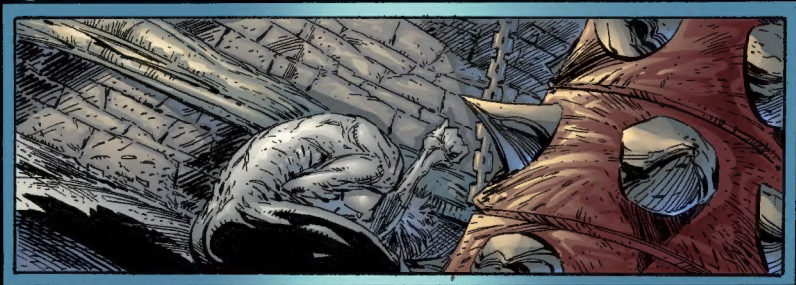




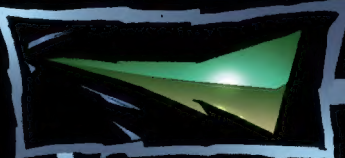
I WON'T DO IT.
YOU'VE FOOLED ME
TOO MANY TIMES.
YOU CAN'T MAKE
ME LOOK. NOT
THIS TIME.

HAVE TO PRETEND.
SHUT MY EYES.
DON'T THINK.
CAN'T THINK.
WHERE'S THE NOISE?
WHY'D YOU STOP
THE TORTURE?

WHO
ARE
YOU?



WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

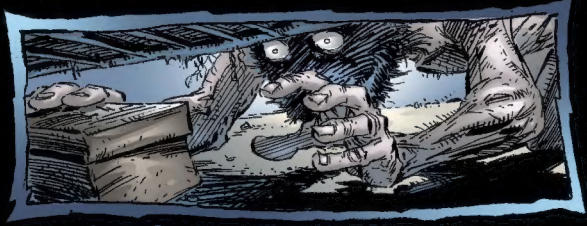


Noooooo!



THE EMPTINESS.

HE'S HERE-- FOR
THEM-- AGAIN!
MY FAMILY, HAVE
TO SAVE THEM.



DAMN YOU,
WYNN! EVERY
TIME I TRY TO
FORGET, YOU
SEND HIM, BUT
ALWAYS IN MY
DREAMS.

NOT LIKE
THIS.
NEVER
LIKE THIS.



LORI, WHAT'S
HE DOING TO
LORI?! DON'T
MAKE HER SCREAM.

STOP! DAMN
YOU. IT'S MY
FAULT. NOT HERS.
ME!

YOU WANT
MY SINS!



FORSBERG--

--I'VE
COME
FOR
YOU.

YOU
CAN'T
HAVE
THEM.

I WON'T
LET
YOU.

NO.

NOT
AGAIN.

NOT
AGAIN!

IT'S
MY
BOX!!



IT BELONGS TO ME! I HAVE TO PROTECT THEM!!

DO YOU HEAR, KHAN? WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF YOU.

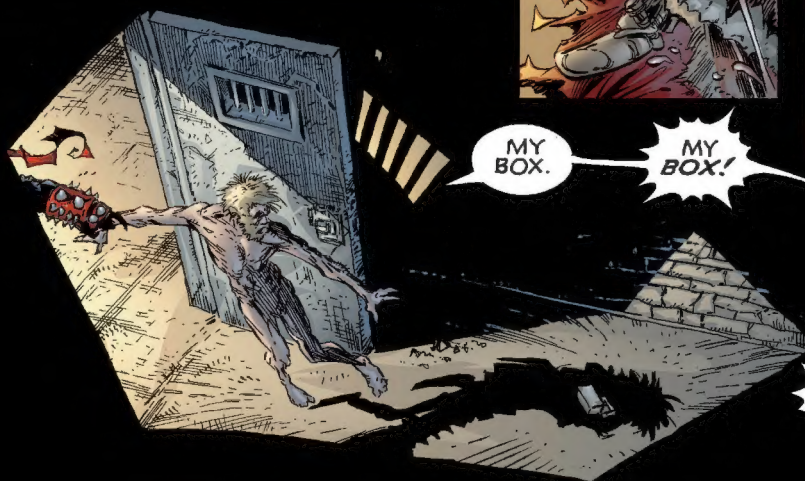


LOOK, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS CRAP.

ESPECIALLY NOT WHEN I'M ABOUT TO SAVE YOUR SORRY LITTLE ASS.



SO, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, LIKE IT OR NOT.



MY BOX.

MY BOX!

I DROPPED MY BOX!

No! WE CAN'T LEAVE THEM.



THEY NEED ME.



MY FAMILY NEEDS ME!!





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE